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THE LEADER.

THE RAILROAD GATEWAY
—TO—
.....BOHEMIA GOLD MINES

VOL. 7. COTTAGE GROVE, LANE COUNTY, OREGON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1895. NO. 29.

COTTAGE GROVE AND LEMATI.

THE LEADER.

Devoted to the Best Interests of Cottage Grove, Lemati and Bohemia Gold Mining District.

LEADER BUILDING

E. P. THORP,
EDITOR and BUSINESS MANAGER

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CHURCH DIRECTORY.

CUMBERLAND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Sunday school, 10 A. M. Preaching, 11 A. M. and 7 P. M., first and third Sunday in each month. Prayer meeting, each Wednesday at 8 P. M. ("We are journeying unto a place of which the Lord said, I will give it you: come thou with us and we will do thee good."—Numb. 10:29. REV. C. A. WOGLEY, Pastor.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH—SERVICES AT 11 A. M. and 8 P. M. Sunday school at 10 A. M. Y. P. S. C. E., each Sunday at 4 P. M. Midweek prayer and praise services, Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock. Musical rehearsal, each Saturday evening at 7 o'clock.

METHODIST CHURCH—SUNDAY SCHOOL at 10 A. M. Preaching each fourth Sunday morning and evening. Prayer meeting, every Thursday night. "The Lord is in His holy temple." REV. M. O. BRINK, Pastor.

NORTHWEST NEWS.

MANUFACTURING ENTERPRISES AND DEVELOPMENT.

Government Land in Coos County Not Worth Taking Up—Kay Woolen Mills Subsidy Entirely Subscribed—From All Parts of Oregon.

Coquille City is going to have a sash and door factory.

A commercial club has been incorporated by the citizens of La Grande.

There are now 1,032 patients in the state insane asylum, and disbursements for last month averaged $10.89 per capita.

Two mail lines will probably be established from Ashland to Klamath Falls, and from Ager to Klamath Falls, thus doing away with the present pony to Snake.

The $25,000 subsidy required for the building of the Kay woolen mills at Salem has now been entirely subscribed. Machinery for a four stamp mill of double the capacity of the former will be erected.

It is stated that there is little government land in Coos county worth taking up for farming purposes. Creek bottoms are nearly all settled and so is good bench land except in such places that are too far away from roads or navigable streams. There is considerable vacant land in Curry county.

The samlon pack for the season of 1895 amounted to the following number of cases for the Columbia river: 617,460, valued at $3,342,028.65. Of these 433,178 cases were packed on the Oregon side and 184,282 cases on the Washington side; 457,812 cases were Royal Chinnook and 31,500 cases were fall Chinook salmon. On the Oregon coast streams and bays 62,620 cases were put up. About 64 per cent of the catch on the Columbia river was taken with gill nets. Twelve per cent with seines, 19 per cent with traps and 5 per cent with wheels. The number of persons employed in the fisheries and allied industries in this state during the year was 5,349, to whom was paid the enormous sum of $1,236,246 for labor. The pack this year was larger than for any season since the origin of the industry, save two, 1883 and 1884, when the pack was 629,400 and 620,000 cases respectively.

Washington.

H. L. Thomas, of Seattle, has a scheme to build an electric road between Tacoma and the Queen city.

A bank is to be established in New Whatcom by a Chicago man, who has already established banks in Colfax, and at Union, Or. He states that the new institution will be capitalized with $60,000.

The ordinance providing for the issue of $1,250,000 warrants for the construction of the water system at Seattle was carried, with a light vote and registration. The vote was 2,351 in favor and 1,506 against.

It is said the distillery near Goldendale will soon be in operation. The company is now arranging to buy 1,200 head of hogs and 300 of cattle, for winter feeding for the early spring market. The resumption of business by the distillery will be of great benefit to the Klickitat farmers.

There is a movement on foot to send a ton of flax of Washington growth to the Barbour works in Ireland. And the manufacturers have said that they will hackle it and otherwise prepare it to show just what can be done in Washington and show its relative value in comparison with other flax.

Judge Hanford, of the United States court has rendered a decision that land claimed by a railroad under its grant, but for which no patent has been issued, are not assessable and taxable as the property of the railroad company. This will reduce the assessment of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company in many counties.

The state land commission has invested $160,000 of the permanent school fund in state warrants. This amount with the sum already invested in county bonds and the amount drawing interest on the contracts of the purchase of school lands, will make a whole sum for the permanent school fund now drawing interest, about $2,000,000.

SANTA CLAUS is the children's friend. Who he was we have little means of knowing. Authentic history is almost silent on the subject, merely stating that he was the Bishop of Myra, in Lycia, and died about the year 326. Tradition has woven many a pretty tale about him, and one runs that he appeared in the night time and secretly made valuable presents to the children of the household. What manner of person St. Nicholas was, seems subject to variation, according to the time, place or manner of regarding him. Medieval painters represent him as slender, and clad in full episcopal robes with miter and crozier. Modern painters and storytellers in England, Germany and America, give us a jovial, rubicund type of a man, with none of the features of the cleric. Kris Kringle is regarded as an alternative name for Santa Claus, but he is a totally different being. Kris Kringle is simply a corruption of the German word "Christ Kindlein," or Christ Child.

Christmas is children's day; it is the day when, as Dickens says, we should remember the time when its great founder was a child himself. It is especially the day for the friendless young, the children in hospitals, the lame, the sick, the weary, the blind. No child should be left alone on Christmas day, for loneliness with children means brooding. A child growing up with no child friend is not a child at all, but a premature man or woman.

The best Christmas present to a boy is a box of tools, the best to a girl any number of dolls. When they get older they can write letters a postoffice is a doubtful boon. These are to be bought, and they are far more amusing if made at home. Any good-sized cardboard box will do for this purpose. The lid should be fastened to it so that when it stands up it will open like a door. A slit must be cut out about an inch wide and from five to six inches long, so as to allow the postage of small parcels, yet not large enough even to admit the smallest baby. Children should learn to respect the inviolate character of the post from the earliest age.

Capital scrapbooks can be made by children. Old railway guides may be the foundation and every illustrated paper a magazine of art. A paste box, next to a paint box, is a most serviceable toy. Hobby horses are profitable steeds and can be made to go through any amount of paces. But mechanical toys are more amusing to his elders than to the child, who wishes to do his own mechanism. A boy can be amused by turning him out of the house, giving him a ball or a kite, or letting him dig in the ground for the unhappy mole. Little girls, who must be kept in on a rainy day, or invalid children, are very hard to amuse, and recourse must be had to story telling, to the dear, delightful thousand and one books now written for children, of which "Alice in Wonderland" is the flower of perfection.

BEGINNING at Benton City, on the Union Pacific road, the telegraph line stretches to the north, leaps across the Laramie mountains, and at a point opposite the great mass of earth and rock and tree called Red Butte, it comes to a sudden stop. From this point to the fort, a distance of 25 miles, is the roughest portion of the way, and the skulking bands of Indians make it the most dangerous.

At the terminus of the line is a rude shanty and a soldier operator. Close by the shanty are tents of soldiers, who are setting the poles and pushing the line along until the fort shall have electric communication with the outside world.

It is December now—only two days till Christmas. There have been cold rains, snow storms, severe weather, and the soldiers are wondering why they have not been ordered back to the fort for the winter, when a mounted messenger arrives over the trail bearing the expected order. The colonel's wife has gone East. The operator is to wire her to remain where she is until spring. When her answer is received the shanty is to be closed up, camp broken, and the party headed for the fort. The afternoon wears away, the night comes down, and some of the soldiers are asleep, when Benton City sends in its call, and follows it by a telegram reading: "The colonel's wife started West four days ago, and ought to be there or at the fort now."

Next morning there was an arrival from the south. The colonel's wife, riding a horse with a blanket for a saddle, dismounted at the front of the shanty, and opened the door with a cheery, "Howdy do boys," to the operator and the sergeant. As both men stood at "attention," she removed the hood and cloak which enveloped her, shook off the snow, and said to the sergeant:

"I came through with hardly an hour's rest, and I'm hungry as a wolf. Tell some of the men to cook something. I'll give the colonel a surprise."

Everybody hustled and bustled, and an hour later camp was broken, and twelve people headed for the north, the strongest man breaking the way, and the colonel's wife bringing up the rear, with a kind word and a smile for every soldier. The trail led up a narrow valley, and the wild gale had drifted the snow until the line had to move forward at a snail's pace. At nightfall they had made just half the distance to the fort. In a thicket all ate supper together. Said the sergeant, as he looked in vain for the stars:

"I saw Injun signs back by the creek."

"I see that you have revolvers as well as muskets," remarked the colonel's wife. "Please give me one and extra ammunition. I'll try and not be a burden to you, at least."

As the gale came sweeping down the valley and roaring around the mountain base, there were wild war whoops and the crack of rifles. In the darkness a score of Indians had crept close upon the camp. Both sentries were shot dead.

"It's only Injuns, boys; only Injuns!"

"THEY WON'T TAKE ME PRISONER."

shouted the Sergeant, and he fired his first shot. "Now, then, push out."

They had not moved ten rods before a rifle cracked and one of the men pitched forward, shot through the heart. A minute later two more bullets whistled over the men's heads. Then the little band was hidden from sight of the Indian sentinels by the blinding whirl of snow.

"They're after us, ma'am," said the Sergeant.

"They won't take me prisoner," whispered the Colonel's wife, as she held out the revolver.

"That's right, ma'am. We are headed for the fort right enough, and maybe the red fiends will haul off after a bit and let us go in peace. A merry Christmas to you, though I've seen merrier ones in my time."

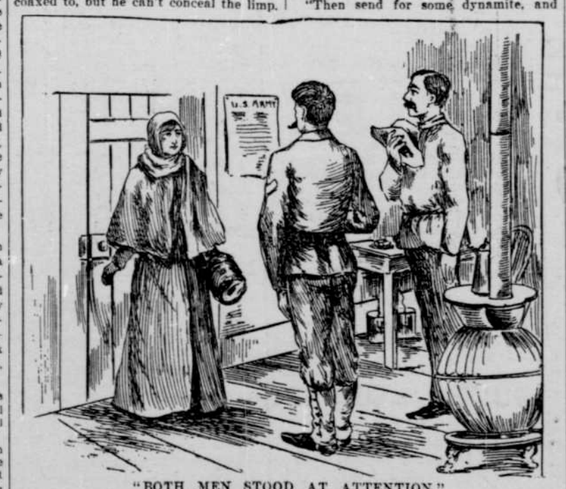
For a mile or more the little party breasted the storm. Then came a sudden shot, and the rear guard went down. There were seven men and a woman at 8 o'clock. At 9 o'clock there were but five men, at 10 but four, at midnight only two. Two men and a woman—the Sergeant, the soldier-operator, and the Colonel's wife. The others had been picked off one by one, and the Indians still followed. Now and then the trio halted, knelt down, and peering into the snow-whirl, opened a fusillade which checked pursuit if it did not wound or kill.

Instinct must have guided them in that storm—Providence must have shielded them from the bullets, but the storm continued to rage and the vengeful foe to pursue, till the report of the firearms reached the ears of the sentinel at the fort. No one had yet learned what was happening, when three figures staggered up to the gate, and on into the fort, and up to the door of the Colonel's headquarters. Two of the figures held up a third between them. As he peered in the Sergeant saluted and said:

"Col. Dawson, I report myself, and I bring you a Christmas present."

And as the Colonel uttered a shout of surprise and rushed forward with outstretched arms, the brave little woman fell into them, and the two men sank down in their tracks, and those who lifted them up wet their fingers with the blood of heroes.

A handsome merry-faced woman, who is five years older—a Sergeant of infantry who limps a bit—a lone grave in which sleeps the soldier-operator—nothing more to be seen. The Colonel's wife may tell you the story—the Sergeant couldn't be coaxed to, but he can't conceal the limp, and is proud of the extra stripes he has worn on his sleeves ever since that Christmas day.



"BOTH MEN STOOD AT ATTENTION."

INDOOR CHRISTMAS GAMES.

How the Young Folks May Find Pleasure if the Day Be Stormy.

Parlor games like chess, draughts, dominoes, etc., are too heavy for Christmas. The boys and birls want more rollicking, hip-hip-hurrah games. A committee appointed to provide desirable amusement for a well-known charity in New York selected the following program. Ten hours were spent in selecting appropriate indoor games and pastimes, and even then no more than were actually needed were decided upon, says the New York Mail and Express. If the children can get out of doors their amusement is easy, for baseball, leap frog, hide and seek, and other games suffice, but indoors something akin to these games is wanted.

In this class is a game known as "The Country Circus." It consists in making riders, tumblers, clowns, strong men, etc., of all the children and with this improvised company giving a performance. Another good game for the house is called "Jack-of-All-Trades." In which those engaged must perform some work in the particular trade to which they are assigned by the foreman. In this game on Thanksgiving the boys and girls of an institution in Jersey cut and sewed a lot of carpet rags, made a lote of brushes, and split and bundled several cords of wood.

"The Boy Hunters," in which the children learn the name, habits, and peculiarities of the entire animal kingdom, is another good game, and "Robinson Crusoe" one of the same kind and value. All these games are active ones, require constant movement, and are meant only for the daylight. For the evening, games less boisterous must be chosen. In this class are "Anagrams," "Authors," 'History of Our Times," and shadow pantomimes. The last named, however, are the most popular and enjoyable and have so increased in favor that books written especially to show how to prepare and perform them can be had at any well-stocked book store.

A Financial Transaction.

"Say, mister," said a boy who had just overtaken a market wagon after pursuing it for four or five blocks, "do you wanter know who hit you in the neck with that hard snowball?"

"You bet I do," replied the man, slackening speed.

"Will ye gimme a quarter ef I ketch him and bring him here?"

"Yep."

"Gimme 50 cents?"

"Yes," said the driver, lifting his whip from the socket; "but I don't give you any more'n that."

"Well, git the money ready."

"You haven't got the boy that threw the snowball yet."

"Yes, I have. That boy is me. Dad's sick, and me mother can't get work. The twins is too little ter earn anything, an' if I don't hustle there won't be any Christmas tree at our house. I'll take a lickin' any day fur 50 cents."

"Sonny," said the market man, in a voice that was remarkably husky, "here's yer 50 cents. I'm in a hurry now—you needn't bother about deliverin' the goods. We'll call it square."—Washington Star.

The Boarding-House Turkey.

"Is the fuse laid?" inquired the landlady of the head waiter.

"It is, madame."

"Then fire it."

"I have, madame."

"But the turkey is still whole."

"Yes, madame, the powder had no effect on it."

"Then send for some dynamite, and tell the boarders the turkey is so tender it takes time to carve it.

He Was Surprised.

Mrs. Gazzam—I've got a box of cigars for my husband's Christmas present, which will surprise him.

Mrs. Maddox—Women don't know how to buy cigars for men.

Mrs. Gazzam—I know that, so I got Brother Jack to get them for me.—Judge.

His Reason.

It was drawing near to a very interesting season of the year. Willy was getting ready for bed. His mother looked happy.

"My dear," she said, "I am glad to see that you do not hurry through your prayers as you used to do."

"No, ma'am," said Willy; "Christmas is week after next, and I have a good many things to ask for."

Come, old year, 'tis time to go.
Age, perhaps, has made you slow.
But your time of rule has flown
And I come to claim my own.

You are popular no more,
All your triumphs here are gone,
With what strength is left to you,
Had you better hasten on.

Learning from experience,
I have promised much, like you.
When another year has flown
People will condemn me, too.

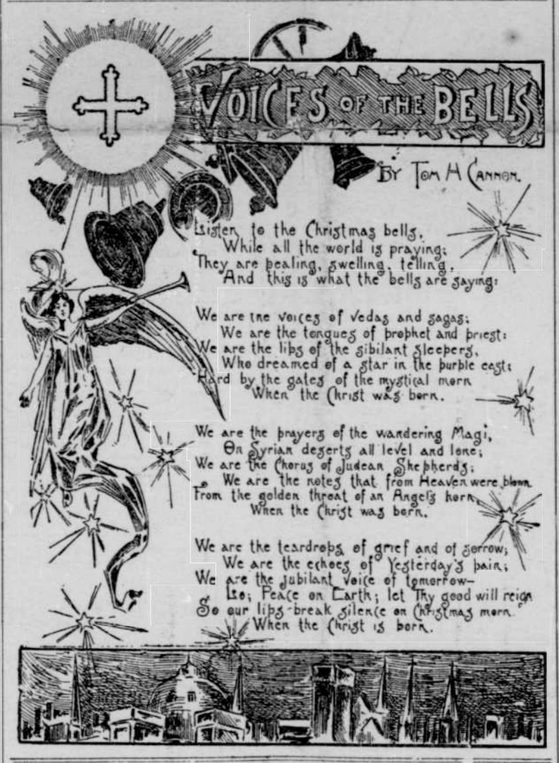
But what matters that to us?
Years, like men, must come and go.
We are fast with promises,
With fulfillments we are slow.

Told by Talmage.

I never like a Christmas season to pass without telling a thrilling incident which happened at my house just eleven years ago this coming Christmas, writes Dr. Talmage. We had just distributed the family presents Christmas morning when I heard a great cry of distress in the hallway. A child from a neighbor's house came in to say her father was dead. It was only three doors off, and, I think, in two minutes we were there. There lay the old Christian sea captain, his face upturned toward the window as though he had suddenly seen the headlands, and with an illuminated countenance as though he were just going into harbor. The fact was he had already got through the "Narrows." In the adjoining room were the Christmas presents waiting for his distribution. Long ago, one night when he had narrowly escaped with his ship from being run down by a great ocean steamer, he had made his peace with God, and a kinder neighbor than Capt. Pendleton you would not find this side of heaven.

He had often talked to me of the goodness of God, and especially of a time when he was about to go into New York harbor with his ship from Liverpool, and he was suddenly impressed that he ought to put back to sea. Under the protest of the crew and under their very threat he put back to sea, learning at the same time he was losing his mind, for it did seem so unreasonable that when they could get into harbor that night they should put back to sea. But they put back to sea, and Capt. Pendleton said to his mate: "You call me at 10 o'clock at night." At 12 o'clock at night the Captain was aroused and said: "What does this mean? I thought I told you to call me at 10 o'clock, and here it is 12." "Why," said the mate, "I did call you at 10 o'clock, and you got up, looked around and told me to keep right on this same course for two hours, and then to call you at 12 o'clock." Said the Captain: "Is it possible? I have no remembrance of that." At 12 o'clock the captain went on deck, and through the rift of the cloud the moonlight fell upon the sea and showed him a shipwreck with one hundred struggling passengers. He helped them off. Had he been any earlier or any later at that point of the sea he would have been of no service to those drowning people. On board the captain's vessel, they began to band together as to what they should pay for the rescue, and what they should pay for the provisions. "Ah," says the captain, "my lads, you can't pay me anything; all I have on board is yours; I feel too greatly honored of God in having saved you to take any pay." Just like him.

Oh, that the old sea captain's God might be my God and yours. Amid the stormy seas of this life may we have always some one as tenderly to take care of us as the captain took care of the drowning crew and the passengers! And may we come into the harbor with as little physical pain and with as bright a hope as he had; and if it should happen to be a Christmas morning, when the presents are being distributed and we are celebrating the birth of Him who came to save our shipwrecked world, all the better, for what grander, brighter Christmas present could we have than heaven?



Now comes the glad New Year;
Though fate may do her worst,
She cannot blot that legend clear:
"All bills due on the first!"
—Atlanta Constitution.

"You haven't got $5 about you, Jones?" "No, I haven't. Wife borrowed the last to buy my Christmas present."—Atlanta Constitution.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE STATE.

Great Demand Is Annually Made on the Forests of Maine.

Not all who desire a Christmas tree for the holiday merrymakings can sally forth, armed with a hatchet, and hew from their own acres. Therefore at each Christmas season great demand is made on the forests of Maine for young spruces.

No tree but an evergreen will do, and no evergreen but the spruce presents the delicate, feather-flat, clean-limbed branches of dark perennial shade, which throw out by contrast the brightness of the suspended presents and favors.

On Sunday, the fifth of December, 1891, ten car-loads of Christmas trees for New York were detained in the Portland yard because they were loaded so that it was impossible to work the brakes. This objection was overruled, and the sweet-smelling freight was allowed to proceed to its destination. How the cars were loaded can easily be described, but the fragrance of twenty-five thousand freshly cut evergreen trees must be left to the reader's imagination.

The ten cars, all "flats," or platform cars, were each thirty-four feet long, loaded eight feet high, and all came from the small station of Wiscasset, which lies at the head of one of the numerous bays on the coast of Maine.

At regular intervals about each car, four on each side and two at each end, were stout spruce stakes, originally Christmas trees which might have done duty at the Castle De Blunderbore. These rose to the top of the load, which was limited to a height that would clear all overhead bridges on the road.

In this space the trees were packed lengthwise, butts to the front and rear tops to the center, so compactly that the loaded car was one solid block of green. Each car held about twenty-five hundred trees, large and small, tied in bundles of four. From six hundred and fifty to seven hundred bundles were packed in a car, so that the ten car-load lot contained twenty-five thousand trees at least.

The marketing of Christmas trees is a Maine specialty. Every year speculators purchase the right to cut trees from the land owners, paying half a cent, one cent, and two cents apiece for trees from eight to twelve years old on the stump. Then the natives are hired to cut and bring them to the shipping point, where they cost the speculator from ten to twelve cents each, loaded on the car.

He pays also for their shipment to New York—sixty-seven dollars per car, or about two and one-half cents per tree.

The trees retail in New York for from one to five dollars each, according to their size. The same quality of tree can be purchased on the street, in the city of Portland, at from twenty-five to fifty cents each, while in other parts of the State boys who wish for Christmas trees sally forth and cut them for themselves. —Youths' Companion.

A Christmas Church Idea.

If the platform of a church or Sunday school room be deep enough to admit of it an artistic Christmas arch can easily be made by an amateur carpenter, writes Florence Wilson, in the Ladies' Home Journal. The upper part should have wires stretched across, to which may be fastened small hemlock boughs, thus forming a solid mass of green. The framework should, of course, be wound with evergreen, the whole placed about two feet from the wall, so that behind it may be hung the Christmas bells of red and yellow immortelles at different lengths by ropes of evergreen. These bells may be made to hang at different angles by using fine picture wire. Let each bell be worded, so that they may seem to ring out their own song of "Glory to God in the highest."

For a Sunday school festival, a postoffice where each child upon inquiring might find an envelop addressed and sealed, containing a pretty Christmas card, is a unique feature. Then there is the huge snowball made of cotton, besprinkled with diamond dust and filled with gifts for the infant class, which may be rolled through the window with an appropriate letter from Santa Claus.

A Race Track Fiend Cured.

The following story is told by one who for years was an inveterate better on horses: "It was Christmas eve. My 4-year-old stood by my knee in his 'nighty' just before being tucked in his crib, and in his infantile manner was praying to Santa Claus to bring him the treasure upon which he had fixed his heart. When he had finished I asked the master of the house what should old Santa Claus bring papa? He bowed his little head on my knee again and innocently pleaded: 'And, dear Santa Claus, please bring papa a race horse that can win sometimes.' That was his mother's work, I suppose, but it went. I bought a tree that night, loaded it down with toys the boy had asked for, and then trimmed it with the tickets that hadn't won in the races. The unique festooning represented hundreds of hard dollars that had been scattered in the wake of a race-track 'skate.' I have not played a horse since that time, and I have made up my mind that I never will again. It's a delusion and a snare."

Johnny's Woe.

Curly headed Johnny had a tear drop in his eye,
Curly-headed Johnny couldn't speak without a sigh.
And the Christmas preparations that were 'round him everywhere
Had not the least effect upon his melancholy air.
"Oh, what's the use of hanging up my stocking," he would say;
"There's nothing to look forward to for me on Christmas Day;
He'll scratch us off his program when he hitches up his team,
For Santy needs a fireplace, and they heat our flat by steam."
—Washington Star.

Her Heart's Desire.

There comes a time once in every year, when children may without impropriety give their loving friends a hint in season.

Uncle William was talking with Lucy, his best little niece, about Christmas. He wished to know her mind upon a certain highly interesting object, but preferred to get at it indirectly.

"Now, Lucy," said he, in a casual manner, "if I were going to buy a doll for a little girl, what kind of a one do you think she would like?"

"O, Uncle William," answered Lucy, with undisguised interest, "there is nothing like twins!"

Nothing Slow About Johnnie.

Tommy—Did yer have a good time Christmas, Johnnie?

Johnnie—Don't yer see dat I did? —Life.

OFFICIAL WORK.

ACTION AT RECENT SESSIONS OF HORTICULTURAL BOARDS.

Schedule of Weights in Fruit Packing—A Sure Remedy for San Jose Scale—Poultry Shows Next Month—Inspection Rules in Oregon.

The third annual session of the Northwestern Fruit Growers' Association has just been held at Walla Walla.

Having considered the adoption of a uniform schedule of weights for the various standards of fruit packages, the committee recommended as follows:

Four-basket crates, 25 pounds; standard peach box, 20 pounds pear box, 45 pounds; cherry box, 150 pounds; berry crates of 24 boxes, 25 pounds.

The committee recommended that the minimum number of cars required for a special fruit train be fixed at fifteen; also that transportation companies be requested to reduce the minimum weights on all kinds of green fruits from 24,000 to 20,000 pounds. The following resolution was adopted:

"Resolved, That the committee on transportation be instructed to confer with the transportation companies and request them to take favorable action on the various recommendations above; that the transportation committees meet not later than sixty days from this date and confer with the railroad companies in regard to the above recommendations."

J. M. Hickson, commission merchant of Seattle, read a paper on "Assorting, Boxing and Packing Fruit."

C. A. Tonneson read a paper prepared by Secretary T. R. Conn, of Hood River, on "Picking, Packing and Shipping Strawberries." "Ideal Nursery Stock Methods of Pruning" by E. F. Babcock, by C. A. Tonneson on "Protection of Orchards Against Insect Pests," and by Willis Brown, manager of the Oregon Fruit Union, on "How to Ship Fruit."

A conference was held with the railroad men, with a view to securing specially low rates on fruit to Eastern points next season.

A committee of five was appointed to revise the constitution and by-laws, and the committee on bureau of information was instructed to take up the matter of exposing dishonest commission merchants.

The committee on the bureau of information made its report, recommending that a bureau be established for the purpose of enabling shippers to ship intelligently and keep posted on the markets. The condition of membership is to be an actual shipper of fruit in Oregon, Washington or British Columbia. Application was made for membership in the Northwestern Fruitgrowers' Association. New Officers were elected as follows:

President, Dr. N. G. Blalock, of Walla Walla; secretary, C. A. Tonneson, Tacoma; treasurer, W. S. Offner, Walla Walla; vice-presidents, R. C. McCroskey, Garfield; Emile Schanno, The Dalles; H. A. Russell, Kendick, Idaho.

After quite a spirited contest, North Yakima was chosen as the place for holding the next annual meeting, to be held the second Tuesday in December, 1896.

Official Work in British Columbia

The semi-annual meeting of the Provincial Board of Horticulture, which was in session at Victoria, adjourned to meet again during the next sitting of the legislature. Monday was devoted to the consideration of correspondence, coming from the different Australasian colonies, South Africa, the eastern provinces, and several of the American states. Agricultural reports and bulletins are received from all these sources, containing the best information available. The second day's session, was taken up with quarantine matters and the comparing of notes on the progress of horticulture in British Columbia. It was found that fruit growing had received a great impetus of late, and that there had been general compliance with the horticultural and quarantine regulations on the part of those engaged in the industry, and, therefore, no changes in them were considered to be necessary. The five horticultural districts in the province having been mapped out, it was decided that in each of these meetings should be held, at which lectures will be given on fruitgrowing, with particular attention to planting and pruning. The only difficulty the board has to contend with is the financial one, but the most possible is made of the provincial government grant. To Fruit Inspector Palmer's discreetness and good judgment the board attributes the harmony of feeling among the fruit growers of the province. The inspector they regard as a most valuable officer, welcome everywhere, and always ready to impart useful information.

The third day's session of the board was spent discussing the varieites of fruit best adapted to the country lying east of the Cascades — where the hardiest varieties are required—and that lying west of the same great landmark. General business came up for transaction at the fourth day's session, and on Friday committees were appointed to consider legislation and the general affairs of the board. Members of the provincial executive were present during the meetings.

The Outrages at Seoul.

New York, Dec. 12.—A dispatch to the Herald from St. Petersburg says: A special dispatch from Vladivostock to the Novoe Vremya says that the government at Seoul is investigating the palace outrages. The Coreans are aroused against the Japanese, whose position is precarious.

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HAYWARD EXECUTED

PAID THE PENALTY FOR MURDER OF CATHERINE GING.

The Doomed Man Spent the Night Carousing With Friends—On the Scaffold He Said He Hoped God Would Forgive Him for All Harm Done.

Minneapolis, Dec. 13.—Hayward was hanged at 2:05 this morning. He made a statement of five minutes' duration, and, while not making a confession, said he hoped God would forgive him for all the harm he had ever done.

Before dark last night morbid crowds had assembled in the vicinity of the jail. There was nothing to see except the gray walls and the occasional opening of the heavy doors to admit some official, yet they lingered in the vicinity, waiting for the tragic event. At midnight the throng numbered several hundred.

Hayward's swell dinner, "the last supper," as he profanely expressed it, was served according to his desire, shortly after 10 o'clock, and he partook of it with apparent relish. Father Timothy arrived shortly after—not upon the summons of the condemned man, but in case that at the last moment a wish might be expressed by the unrepentant man for a spiritual adviser. In the evening Hayward had a talk with his attendants and laughed and joked on his approaching execution. As Captain Sandberg was covering the windows of the jail looking into the alley, Harry noticed him and shouted:

"That's right; block out the gaping crowd. People wishing to see me will have to call at the morgue, as I intend to change my quarters," and he laughed as he said it.

To a newspaper man he said:

"I would like to see the account of how this thing came out and my actions on the scaffold," and again he laughed as if he were going to a picnic instead of to death.

The New Orleans Riots.

New Orleans, Dec. 13.—Great Britain is making an issue with the United States over the wounding of the purser, James H. Baney, of a British steamship during the levee riots here last spring. Governor Foster has received a communication from Secretary of State Olney asking for a report of the levee disturbances, and what steps have been taken toward bringing the offenders to trial. It is said that, owing to political combinations, neither the men who wounded the English purser or killed the negroes will be punished.

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